The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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"MIND THAT LIGHT"

"For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 6.

WHAT is light? This question is akin to one Pilate asked of Jesus: "What is truth?" Christ answered that when He said: "I am the *Way*, the *Truth* and the *Life*." There is no way without the *going;* there is no truth without the *knowing;* there is no life without the *living*. Jesus said, "I am the Light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8: 12.) "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." (John 1: 4.) "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (John 1: 9.)

The characters that make history are seldom built on beliefs that are followed by a question mark. More appropriately are they marked by an exclamation point. It is the certainties on which character grows! That is the reason why we are urged to build on the apostles and the prophets. These were men who held closely to certainties. No man with a negative belief would have followed in the path of Paul. No one without a faith that could not be moved would have stood with Jeremiah. If one is to build high, he must dig deep. A tent can rest safely on the sand, but a tower must rest on the living rock.

A lighthouse is a wonderful inspiration, standing so majestically at the strategic place on the dangerous reef, warning all of the perils of the rock and shoals, indicating the location of secure harbors and showing the safe lanes of travel. What joy that lighthouse brings to the heart of a storm-tossed mariner as he seeks the haven of rest and the place of security from the storm. The darker the night the brighter that light shines. Lighthouses do not ring bells or shoot cannons to attract attention—they simply *shine*, and so it is the duty as well as the high privilege of the Christian to shine, reflect His light—be "beacon lights of the glory of God as revealed in the face of Jesus Christ," illuminating the path of life about us to such a degree that not only we, but all whom we touch, will discover the stones of stumbling, the hills of difficulty, the slough of despond, that the devil has placed in our path, and at the same time show the way in which to walk and disclose the paths in which we are not to walk. A life that is consecrated to Jesus Christ displays that peace which passeth understanding and indicates that in Jesus Christ himself is the harbor of rest.

A friend often invites me to visit at his seashore home in the summer, located on Fire Island, which is the last strip of land you see when you go across the Atlantic and the first you see when you are sailing toward New York Harbor. On Fire Island there is a great lighthouse which has been there for over eighty years. Its light shines far out to sea; it is revolving constantly. We have often sat on the sand at night and watched the twilight dwindling and the black storms gathering over the ocean, and the blacker the clouds, the whiter the light. So it is with us; we should never forget that, although the storms may gather and the clouds may be like the darkness of the midnight hour, our light should shine brightly, and the harder the storm the brighter should be the light, because the light that is in us is that light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Samuel R. Boggs, National President of The Gideons.*

THERE are always two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.—*Josh Billings.*

IT ain't no use putting up your umberell till it rains. There ain't no use dying 'fore your time comes. Looks like everything in the world comes right if we wait long enough.—*Mrs. Wiggs.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Manners and Social Usage. Sherwood.
Harper's Household Handbook.
The Voice as an Instrument. Patton.
How to Find the Stars. James Freeman Clarke.
Gardening Don'ts. Bickers.
Wanted Young Women to do Housework. Barker.
Adopting an Abandoned Farm. Sanborn.
Spanish Cities. Stoddard.
The Cruise of the Kawa. (To Polynesia and South Sea Islands.) Traprock.
Salisbury Cathedral and See.
From Alpine Snows to Volcano Fires. Gellius.
Map of Texas.
Map of California.
Baedeker of Switzerland (1885).
With the Serbs in Macedonia. Walshe.
Ten Years in the Ranks, U. S. Army. Meyers (1914).
Geraldine Farrar. By Herself.
Life of President Garfield. Balch.
Recollections of Mary Lyon. Fisk.
Constitution of the League of Nations.
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth.
Essay on Burns. Carlyle.
Sketch Book. Irving.
Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey. Stevenson.
Essays of Elia. Lamb.

Poetry

Poems. Jean Ingelow.
Point Lace and Diamonds. Baker.
Kathrina. Holland.
The Mistress of the Manse. Holland.
Poems. George Eliot.
Fantasy and Passion. Fawcett.
A Shropshire Lad. Hausman.
Later Lyrics. Julia Ward Howe.
Songs from Appledore. Laighton.
Selections from Browning.
The Ancient Mariner. Coleridge.
Barrack Room Ballards. Kipling.
The Floral Wreath. Mrs. Southey.
Flower de Luce. Longfellow.
Evangeline. Longfellow.
Selections from Browning's Poems.
Chaucer: Prologue, Knighte's Tale, Nonne Prieestes Tale.

Religious

Chamber of Peace, and other religious poems.
Hymn and Tune Book for church and home, and services.
Tunes, old and new: adapted to the hymnal.
Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church.
Chorus of Praise for Sunday Schools.
Christian Endeavor Hymns.
Endeavor Hymnal.
Gospel Hymns.
Hymns of Worship and Service.
Songs for Young People.

Great Revival Hymns No. 2.
People's Hymn Book.
The Saints' Everlasting Rest. Rev. R. Baxter.
Bible Stories for the Little Ones.
Good Cheer for a Year's Reading: Selections from Phillips Brooks.
Expository Thoughts on the Gospels. Rev. J. C. Ryle.
Contrary Winds and other Sermons. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D.
First Steps for Little Feet in Gospel Paths.
A Guide to Bible Study. McGarvey.
In His Steps: A book for young Christians. J. R. Miller.
New Testament and Psalms.
Book of Psalms.
Of the Imitation of Christ. Thomas à Kempis.
[The same, in Spanish]: Imitacion de Jesuchristo. Tomas de Kempis.

Miscellaneous

Courage. J. M. Barrie.
Shakespeare's plays, each in one vol.: Antony and Cleopatra, As You Like It, Julius Caesar, King Lear, Macbeth, Merchant of Venice, Merry Wives of Windsor, Romeo and Juliet.
Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb.
Cranford. Mrs. Gaskell.
A Doctor of the Old School. Ian Maclaren.
Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. Addison.
Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne.
Valley of Vision. Henry van Dyke.
Frankenstein. Mrs. Shelley.
The Self-Willed Prince. F. E. Paget.
Water Babies. Kingsley.
Two Little Knights of Kentucky. Annie F. Johnston.
Captain January. Laura E. Richards.
Melody. Laura E. Richards.
Timothy's Quest. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Children's Pilgrimage. Mrs. L. T. Meade.
Margarita. Elizabeth W. Champney.
Gilly-Flower. Author of Miss Toosey's Mission.
Aunt Diana. Rosa N. Cary.
Joyce's Investments. A story for girls.
How Girls Can Help Their Country. Illustrated.
Aunt Madge's Story. Sophie May.
While It Was Morning. Virginia F. Townsend.
Biding His Time. J. T. Trowbridge.
The Fortunate Youth. W. J. Locke.
Boris the Bear-Hunter. Whishaw.
Off to the Geysers—Iceland. C. A. Stephens.
The Boy Scouts of the Field Hospital.
Camp Fire and Wigwam. E. S. Ellis.
An Adirondack Cabin. Sidney.
Rab and His Friends. Brown.
Robinson Crusoe. Defoe.
On the Irrawaddy. G. A. Henty.
Story of a Governess. Mrs. Oliphant.
Azarian. Harriet P. Spofford.
Sinner and Saint. A. H. Hopkins.
Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss.
The Happy Warrior. A. S. M. Hutchinson.
Lewis Rand. Mary Johnston.
Gideon Fleyce. Henry W. Lucy.
The Preliminaries and Other Stories. Cornelia A. P. Comer.
An Altar of Earth. Thymol Monk.
The Fortune of Christina M'Nab. S. Macnaughton.
Tempest and Sunshine. Mary J. Holmes.
Jennifer Lorn. Elinor Wylie.
A Gunner Aboard the "Yankee." (Spanish-American War.)
Major Lawrence, F.L.S. Emily Lawless.
The First Million the Hardest: an autobiography. Farquhar.
Twisted Tales. Parodies of popular books. Christopher Ward.
Other Times and Other Seasons. Laurence Hutton.
Plain Tales from the North. Captain Mallet.
Fortune Telling by cards, numbers and tea-leaves.
Wood-Carving for Amateurs. Illustrated.
Cook-Book of East Hampton, L. I.
Cook-Book, Vinalhaven, Maine.
Pilgrim Cook-Book, Provincetown, Mass.
Rowley (Mass.) Cook-Book.

Books for Students

Ancient Life—History of the Earth. (Geology.) H. A. Nicholson.
Short History of the Roman People. W. F. Allen.
Knickerbocker History of New York. Irving.
Walsh's Grammar School Arithmetic, Part 2.
Complete Arithmetic, Part 2. Wentworth and Smith.
Advanced Arithmetic. (No title-page.) Smith.
Essentials of Algebra for Secondary Schools. Wells.
Practical System of Book-Keeping. Ira Mayhew.
Composition—Rhetoric. Scott and Denney.
Advanced Grammar and Composition. E. O. Lyte.
Specimens of Prose Description. Baldwin.
Champion Spelling Book. Hicks.
Merrill Speller, Book 1.
Graded School Speller, Book 3.
Easy French Reading. E. T. Fisher.
Introductory French Reader. E. Otto.
Preparatory French Reader. Rollins.
Contes et Légendes, Part 1. H. A. Guerber.
Cinq Histoires: Clarétie, Dumas, etc.
French-Spanish Dictionary: Vocabulaire Français-Espagnol.
Analytical French Reader. Keetels.
Easy German Reading. (In German type.)

Lehrbuch der deutschen Sprache. (German type.)
German Simplified. (German and English type.)
German Reader. (German type.)
Caesar's Gallic War. Allen and Judson.
Selections from Ovid. Allen and Greenough.

The Brighton Branch offers the following. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brookline, Mass.

Mr. Dooley On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils.
Shandygaff. Morley.
Johnny Apple-Seed. Atkinson.
The Roll of Honor. Thomas.
Master of Ballantrae. R. L. Stevenson.
Some Irish Yesterdays. Somerville and Ross.
Further Experiences of an Irish M. P.
Presidents and Pies. Anderson.
Women and Economics. Stetson.
What One Man Saw in Cuban War.
Dictionary. Webster.
Prince Prigio. Lang.
Horse Stories. Knox.
Robinson Crusoe. De Foe.
Family Flight Around Home.
Colonial Days. Markham.
Boys of '61. Coffin.
Story of an American Sailor. Brooks.
Our New Way Round the World. H. C. Hayden.

Poems

Because I Love You.
As Others See Us. J. G. Brooks.

REQUESTS

1. I would like so much to receive *The Cheerful Letter*, also magazines or any good reading matter. Would request some good friend through *The Cheerful Letter* to send me a dictionary. I would appreciate this more than any other book as I'm in need of one very much. Mrs. T. B. Greene, Albemarle, N. C.

2. I wish to thank each and every one for their kindness in sending reading matter and other things. The little girls, 7 and 9 years old, would be pleased to receive books and cards and bits of ribbon. Mrs. Aubrey Shelton, Dodson, Va.

3. I wish to thank all who have sent me things in the past and wish to be remembered again. I would be very glad indeed to receive *Pictorial Review, Better Homes and Gardens* for the year 1926 after some one has read them. I love books and would appreciate some good books to read, also I would be glad of odds and ends for quilts or fancy work, and designs for embroidering. Miss Mary Blanton, Wallace, N. C.

4. I have two daughters twelve and eight years old. I would be very glad to receive first and second grade music for them. I will appre[ciate] it very much. I have six children. We ar[e] trying to educate them and pay for a little home[,] and anything that will assist us is appreciated[.] Mrs. Wiley E. Dickson, Rugby, Va.

5. I live in the country and have to spen[d] most of my time with an invalid mother. I hav[e] only one child, a boy fifteen years of age who i[s] not very strong, has been unable to attend schoo[l] this year. I would like to receive any books[,] magazines or reading matter suitable for eithe[r] myself or son. For reference write Rev. R. A[.] May, Clifton, N. C. Mrs. Jennie Jones, Clifton[,] N. C.

6. I am a widow, a sufferer from rheumatism[,] and very lonely. I would indeed like to receiv[e] any good reading and also cards for my little boy[.] I would appreciate scraps for quilts. Would b[e] glad to correspond with some of *The Cheerfu[l] Letter* friends. For reference I refer you t[o] Mr. J. E. Marshall, Spencer, Va. From (Mrs.) Mattie E. Leake, Spencer, Va. R. F. D. No. 1[,] Box 37.

7. We are poor people living on rented land[.] I have a little son three years old. I cannot ge[t] out much in winter and would be glad if th[e] readers of *Cheerful Letter* would send me quil[t] scraps of any kind and good religious reading t[o] help pass away the time. Would also be glad o[f] bits of crochet thread if I am not asking too much[.] Thanking you, I hope to be remembered. Mrs[.] Dovie Willard, Elamsville, Va.

8. I am living now in Roanoke Co., in sight o[f] Roanoke City. It is a beautiful town, with lot[s] of works carried on. We thought perhaps my health would improve if we would change cli[-] mates. I am feeling some better and have bette[r] appetite. I have two little girls in school, agee[d] 11 and 8. I hope you dear people can help m[e] in their school work. I appreciate every littl[e] kindness shown me. Mrs. Emma Blankenship[,] Route 6, Box 107 C, Roanoke, Va.

9. I am a little girl eleven years old. My mother has been dead two years and I have no papa to work for me. I live with my grandma and we have a hard time getting anything new. Santa Claus didn't get to see us. I have two little brothers and Grandma has another grand child six years old; Hally is her name. Grandpa is dead and you know that we have to work hard. I wish some one would send me a few books, cards, and crayons to paint pictures with and a few pieces to make a doll's dress. Please send Grandma some quilt scraps and thread. I hope this letter don't get lost for I have had a hard time writing it by some one helping me. I was in the second grade when I left school and can't spell very well. From a lonely little girl. Lora J. Mitchell, Pedlar Mills, Va.

10. I am a sickly 12 yr. old girl, not allowed to go to school on account of T. B. and catarrh. I can read a little and would be so glad if some one would send me *The Cheerful Letter*. I am sending for reference the following: Dr. Spurill, Guilford Co. Sanatorium, Jamestown, N. C., Head of Salvation Army, High Point, N. C. Miss Hamilton, city nurse, High Point, N. C. Ethel Wrenn, 602 South Hamilton St., High Point, N. C.

11. I am a girl of fifteen years of age. I am in the seventh grade but I am not going to school. I have two little sisters that neither walk nor talk, one 12 years and the other 4 years, and I have to stay at home and help my mother. So I would be glad to have some books or magazines to read at spare time. Mary S. Turner, Henry, Va., Box 39.

12. Having heard of your society, members of which are cheering so many of the ill and less fortunate, I am writing you. If any one can send me books or magazines, I will appreciate the gift very much. I have been home two years from a tubercular sanatorium and am scarcely able to do light housekeeping.

There are five in family including my husband and I, his mother, who is eighty-four years old, one son aged twelve, and a daughter who is nine years old. So we haven't anything to set aside for pleasures, beyond our living expenses, which are higher each year. I refer you to our rector, Rev. W. S. Holmes, So. Main St., Lexington, N. C. Mrs. G. E. Berrier, 218 W. 5th St., Lexington, N. C.

13. I will be very glad to get some good books for myself and any good reading matter for my children, three girls aged 9, 12, 19 years and two boys aged 14 and 17 years. I would also be very thankful for a Bible in large print and any quilt scraps will be greatly appreciated.

We had the misfortune to lose our home by fire last August. Mrs. I. E. Nolen, Martinsville, Va., R. 3.

14. I would like very much to correspond with some good lady. I would also like to receive reading matter and quilt scraps. I am the mother of 15 children 2 dead and one married. Mrs. John P. Harris, Polkton, N. C., Route 2, Box 31.

15. I want to thank the kind friend who sends me *The Cheerful Letter*. I enjoy it so much and it is very helpful. I would like so much to have current numbers of *Needlecraft* or *Comfort*. I will also appreciate it very much if some one will send me left-over lengths of rick-rack or other finishing braids. Mrs. Aubrey E. Hicks, Amherst, Va., R. F. D. 3.

16. Sarah Huddleston, Farmville, Va., Box 118, a thirteen-year-old girl, asks for knitting thread and scraps of material to make dolls' dresses.

17. I am 65 years old today, Jan. 8. My husband has been dead one year and three months. I live out in the country and I get very lonesome sometimes. I would like very much a correspondent and some quilt pieces as I am not able to work out much and like to piece quilts. Yours truly, Sallie Ballard, Box 235, Ansonville, N. C.

18. Mrs. Cassie Hawn, of Chelsea, Okla., will be very glad to receive song books, magazines and a cook-book or cooking recipes.

19. I want to thank all the kind friends through the dear little paper who have sent me such good reading. It has been wonderful cheer to me, and I would be very grateful if some one could send me some patchwork pieces and bits of thread of any kind. I have two small children and a little stepson to care for. We are very poor and my husband isn't very strong. Thanking you, Mrs. Lester Neaves, Crumpler, N. C.

20. Mrs. W. R. Eanes, Bassett, Va., R. 2, thanks *The Cheerful Letter* friends for past favors and would be glad of quilt scraps; also pieces suitable for embroidering.

21. I am the mother of three children, two girls, one ten and the other six years, the baby is a boy of three years. We live in two rooms of a mountain house. My husband is in a mountain school studying for the ministry. I would be glad to correspond with someone and would appreciate reading matter for myself and books and cards for the children, as my health is bad and I am shut in most all the time. Mrs. G. J. Bailey, Tigerville, S. C., N. G. Baptist Academy.

22. Perhaps some of the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* will remember me. I am 56 years old. I have 8 children. One of them is married and the rest are in school. This leaves me alone much of the time. I would be glad if some of your readers would send me some books, and magazines. Mrs. Lee Young, Grassy Creek, N. C.

23. Mrs. Beulah Davis of Tolar, Tex., Route 2, writes asking for magazines containing short stories.

24. I am a married woman 36 years of age. I have six children, two girls, sixteen and ten, four boys, fourteen, twelve, five and two. I work very hard and as my husband is away a lot of the time I would love to have some magazines to read and cards or books for the children. If you desire reference our pastor is Rev. Ezikiel Blevins, Grassy Creek, N. C. Yours truly, Mrs. J. G. Welch, Lansing, N. C.

25. I am a poor woman with two small children. My husband is in the State Hospital.

and I am so lonely would be glad of any light reading. Mrs. Bonnie Francis, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. 2.

26. Mrs. Mae Hatcher, Elamsville, Va., would like some good reading for herself and children; boys' ages 16 and 12, girl 14. I am a Sunday School teacher and would appreciate any kind of reading that would help out in S. S.; also quilt pieces, as I like to piece quilts. Would be pleased to hear from any of *The Cheerful Letter* readers.

27. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C., writes expressing her gratitude to all *The Cheerful Letter* friends who have been so kind to her. She would greatly appreciate crochet thread of any kind.

28. Good morning, *Cheerful Letter* friends: I wonder if I am forgotten! I sure must be, for now I only have one *Cheerful Letter* correspondent. Since I last wrote to this dear little magazine I've had lots of trouble in various ways. So much sickness in our family and a death. I spend many hours in suffering and in pain, not one well day do I see. Dear cheerful friends, will you all *please write me*, for my mail is my greatest pleasure. And I will do my best to answer all, especially all who may send a bit of cheer or a ray of sunshine. I would greatly appreciate pieces of percale, calico, and gingham, to piece quilt linings. Thanks for all past favors, and best New Year wishes to all. Pattie Jefferson, Dodson, Va.

29. I am a little girl nine years old, live 45 miles from the railroad. We don't have school here all the time. I have a little brother 13 years old that don't learn very well in school. But he enjoys pictures and good stories. I also have a little sister seven years old. We would all like to have stories and cards. We would like to have funny papers, and large magazines to look at. I have one large sister and brother. Your very cheerful Katherine Wright, Rex, Van Buren County, Ark.

30. I am writing you to publish my letter in *The Cheerful Letter*. I have six small children, the oldest nine years old, the baby ten months old. My husband has stomach trouble and is not very stout at any time. We live on a rented farm and have a hard time making a living. I would be very glad of pieces for quilts. Mrs. Martha J. Hylton, Elamsville, Va.

31. Mrs. C. W. Rose of Hayden Lake, Id., writes: I am studying to get ready to go to college even if I do not get there until I am old and gray. As I graduated from a fine high school and taught in that same city, I know I can enter when circumstances permit. So I try to keep abreast of things and read eagerly the best articles on science and history that I can get hold of. I would greatly appreciate magazines or books that would help me with my studies.

32. Mrs. Roy Payne, Stapleton, Nebr., writes: Although I have been acquainted with your club for years, ever since I was a small child, and my mother has received reading from you for years and I have had some, and have corresponded with several of your members, also, it has been quite a long time since I have written to you. You have given me great comfort in the past and I am very grateful to you for your kindness. I would be very glad to receive a few books for myself, my husband and our two children, a girl of eight years and a baby boy who will soon be three. Any good novels, some of Mrs. Meade's books for girls, or Alger's boys' books will be greatly enjoyed. Also, I have never outgrown my love for fairy tales, and would just love a copy of Grimm's. We like Longfellow's and Poe's poems or any other good poetry books. We would like, especially, a spelling-book, an advanced grammar, history of the United States and an advanced arithmetic. Any few of the books mentioned will be greatly enjoyed by my family.

33. I am just a country girl living out on a farm. I did work in a mill until my health became bad and I was obliged to stop. Just my young fourteen-year-old sister and I live at home with our aged parents. I would be very glad to get any kind of books to read, and I enjoy making quilts when I can get pieces of which to make them. I would be so glad if the good *Cheerful Letter* friends would remember me. M. A. Stewart, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 187.

34. I would be glad to receive books and quilt scraps as my husband is not very strong. He has been in the hospital for appendicitis. We have four children, aged 9, 7, 5, 1. Mrs. R. B. Taylor, Crumpler, N. C., R. F. D. No. 2.

35. I was reading over *The Cheerful Letter* and I saw where you would send friends books, if they would write to you. I am asking you to send me some magazines, books, and any other kind of papers. I am in the third year of high school and will sure thank you for the books. I have a little sister four years of age. She loves to look at picture books and I know she will like cards. Miss Mary L. Tyree, Concord Depot, Va.

36. Miss Effie Via, Shawsville, Va., Route 1, Box 42, is a crippled young woman twenty-six years old. She writes that she gets very lonely and that anything that could be sent to her would bring her cheer and comfort.

37. I would be glad to receive good reading for myself and three children, two boys and one girl. I am left alone nearly all the time and I get very lonely. As I cannot walk any distance I

cannot get out as I would like to do. Any reading matter the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send me would be highly appreciated. I should also like to exchange letters with some sister friends. Thank you. Mrs. Rose Kearney, Damascus, Va.

38. I am the mother of eight children, six girls and two boys. We live in the country and are very poor. We work hard and have little to comfort our children. Worst of all, my husband and I both have poor health. I would be glad of any kind of patchwork pieces, cotton or silk, and for the children may I ask for books, pictures and paper dolls? We try to live as near right as we can, but we cannot buy these things for the children. Best wishes to all *The Cheerful Letter* readers. Mrs. Etta Ham, White Top, Va., Route 2, care of Minnie Barker.

39. Miss Ila Hill, Woodland, Wash., Box 46C, lives ten miles from town and gets very lonely. She has few neighbors and they live so far away that she seldom gets to visit them. She asks: Will you please send me some books and magazines to read?

40. I would like so very much to have some new reading, any kind of magazines, books, papers, any date; they are new to us. I have a library but it has all been read. I have a request for something new often. Mrs. Ada V. Mann, Wills Point, Texas, Route 4.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Grace Hayes from La Madera, N. Mex., to 212 Owen St., Salem, Oregon.

Eva Collins is now in Ashford, Ala.

Miss Lizzie B. Tyrie of Concord Depot, Va., is married and her name and address are Mrs. H. A. Smith, Spout Springs, Va., R. F. D. 2.

Mrs. J. G. Hartsoe is now in Datt, W. Va.

Mrs. Walter R. May from Sturgills, N. C., to Lansing, N. C.

Miss Leona Brown from Sunset, Texas, to Bowie, Texas, Route 3, Box 3.

Mrs. J. N. Slawter is now in Mt. Airy, N. C., Box 377.

NOTICE: *No* attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE

THE clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop—
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own;
Live, love, toil with a will,
Place no faith in "tomorrow," for
The clock may then be still.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECEIPTS

Hermits, without eggs.—One-half cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon clove, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons citron. Cream shortening, add sugar, mix well and add milk very slowly. Sift flour, baking powder and spices together and add slowly to the first mixture. Chop the fruit, dredge with flour and add. Roll out thin on floured board. Cut with cooky cutter. Bake on greased tins in moderate oven 15 minutes.

* * *

Baked Ham.—Take a slice of ham (preferably Scotch ham) about one inch thick, and place in greased pan or baking dish. Cover with thin layer of brown sugar, and sprinkle with ground clove. (Mustard may be substituted for the clove if desired.) Then cover with layer of raw potatoes sliced very thin. Pour enough milk over the whole so that it will be about ½ inch deep in the bottom of the pan. Bake in moderate oven until potatoes are well done. This is delicious, either with or without the potatoes. Baste two or three times, with the milk, while it is baking.

* * *

Raisin-Filled Cookies.—One cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, about 3½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar.

Filling.—One cup chopped raisins, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 large tablespoon flour. Mix all together and cook in double boiler until thick so it will be like paste and not run. Roll cookies very thin. Put a teaspoon of filling on each cookie, then place another cookie over the filling, then press the edges together. Bake in a quick oven.

* * *

HANDY HINTS

When milk must be used instead of cream on cereals or in coffee, scald it first and then serve hot; it will give the effect of cream.

To open a jar of fruit or vegetables which has stuck fast: place the jar upside down in a deep saucepan half full of cold water; bring it to a boil and let it boil for a few minutes. The jar will then open easily. Or try placing a hot stove lid or a warm iron on top of the cover for two minutes.

To clean oven-browned pie dishes, soak them in a strong solution of borax and water.

To skin tomatoes, peaches or beets easily, place them in a basin and pour boiling water over them; let stand one minute, then drain.

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

A LITTLE mountain-isle in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with a flock of smaller islets clustering around it as a brood of wild ducks keep close to their mother, and with deep water, nearly two miles wide, flowing between it and the shore; while a shining speck on the seaward side stands out clearly as a low whitewashed dwelling with a sturdy round tower at one end, crowned with a big eight-sided lantern—a solitary lighthouse.

That is the Isle of the Wise Virgin. Behind it the long blue Laurentian Mountains, clothed with unbroken forest, rise in sombre ranges toward the Height of Land. In front of it the waters of the Gulf heave and sparkle far away to where the dim peaks of St. Anne des Monts are traced along the southern horizon. Sheltered a little by the island breakwater of granite, lies the rocky beach of Dead Men's Point.

There are now a score of wooden houses, a tiny weatherbeaten chapel, a Hudson's Bay Company's store, a row of platforms for drying fish, and a varied assortment of boats and nets strung along the beach. And in one of those houses, as you sit at the door in the lingering June twilight, looking out across the deep channel to where the lantern of the tower is just beginning to glow with orange radiance above the shadow of the island, you should hear the story of the light and its keeper.

I

When the lighthouse was built, many years ago, it was called the Isle of Birds. Thousands of sea-fowl nested there. The handful of people who lived on the shore robbed the nests and slaughtered the birds, with considerable profit. The building of the lighthouse would interfere with this, hence it was not altogether a popular improvement. Marcel Thibault was the leader of the opposition.

"That lighthouse!" said he, "what good will it make for us? We know the way in and out when it makes clear weather, by day or by night. But when the sky gets swampy, when it makes fog, then we stay with ourselves at home, or we run into La Trinité, or Pentecôte. We know the way. What? The stranger boats? *B'en!* the stranger boats need not to come here, if they know not the way. The more fish, the more seals, the more everything will there be left for us. The good God made no stupid light on the Isle of Birds. He saw no necessity of it.

"Besides—those stranger boats, sometimes they are lost, they come ashore. It is sad! But who gets the things that are saved, all sorts of things good to put into our houses, good to eat, good to sell, sometimes a boat that can be patched up almost like new—who gets these things, eh? Doubtless those for whom the good God intended them. But who shall get them when this *sacré* lighthouse is built, eh? Tell me that, Baptiste Fortin."

Fortin represented the party of progress in the little parliament of the beach, and had a good many new notions about life. He had good luck at the cod-fishing, and built a house with windows at the side as well as in front. When his third girl, Nataline, was born he went so far as to paint the house red, and put on a kitchen and enclose a bit of ground for a yard. This marked him as a radical. It was expected that he would defend the building of the lighthouse. And he did.

"Monsieur Thibault," he said, "it is of a past age, your talk. A new time comes to the Côte Nord. To hold back against the light would be our shame. Tell me this, Marcel Thibault, what men are they that love darkness?"

"*Torrieux!*" growled Thibault, "that is a little strong. You say my deeds are evil?"

"No, no," answered Fortin; "I say not that, my friend, but I say this lighthouse means good for us and for all who come to this coast. It will bring more trade to us. It will bring a boat with the mail, perhaps twice a month, all through the summer. It will bring us into the great world. To lose that for the sake of a few birds! It is impossible. The lighthouse is coming, certain."

Fortin was right, of course. All over the world, for the past hundred years, people have been kicking against the sharpness of the pricks that drove them forward out of the free life, grown dear to them because it was so easy. All over the world the great Something that bridges rivers, and tunnels mountains, and fells forests, and populates deserts, and opens up the hidden corners of the earth, has been pushing steadily on. The Isle of Birds lay in the line of progress. The lighthouse arrived.

It was a very good house for that day. The tower was thirty feet high. The lantern held a revolving light, burning sperm oil, and once every minute it was turned by clockwork, flashing a broad belt of radiance fifteen miles across the sea. All night long that big bright eye was opening and shutting.

"*Baguette!*" said Thibault, "it winks like a one-eyed Windigo."

An expert came down from Quebec to keep the light in order and run it for the first summer. He took Fortin as his assistant. By the end of August Fortin was qualified to be appointed keeper. Before October was out the certificate of appointment came back, and the expert packed his bag to go up the river.

"Now look here, Fortin," said he, "do you think you are up to this job?"

"I suppose," said Fortin.

"Well, now, do you remember all this business about the machinery that turns the lenses? The

bearings must be kept well oiled, and the weight must never get out of order. If anything gets hitched up, here's the crank to keep it going until you can straighten the machine again. You must never let it stop between dark and daylight. The regular turn once a minute—that's the mark of this light. If it shines steady it might as well be out. Yes, better! Any vessel coming along here in a dirty night and seeing a fixed light would take it for the Cap Loup-Marin and run ashore. This particular light has got to revolve once a minute every night from April first to December tenth, certain. Can you do it?"

"Certain," said Fortin.

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk! Now, you've got oil enough to last you through till the tenth of December, when you close the light, and to run on for a month in the spring after you open again. The supply boat'll bring plenty of oil when she comes, so you'll be all right."

"All right," said Fortin.

"Good-by and good luck. You're the keeper of the light now."

"Good luck," said Fortin. "I am going to keep it."

On the last day of October he moved to the white house on the island with Marie-Anne, his wife, and the three girls, Alma, Azilda, and Nataline, aged thirteen. They were all as full of happy pride as if they had come into possession of a great fortune.

As the sun sloped toward the rose-colored hills of the mainland the whole family stood out in front of the lighthouse looking up at the tower.

"Regard him well, my children," said Baptiste; "God has given him to us to keep, and to keep us. He is a friendly Windigo. Every minute all the night he shall wink, just for kindness and good luck to all the world."

II

On the ninth of November, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Baptiste went into the tower to see that the clockwork was in order for the night. He started to wind up the weight. It rose a few inches, gave a dull click, and then stopped dead. He tugged a little harder but it would not move. He might as well have tried to make the island turn around by pushing at one of the little spruce trees that clung to the rock.

Trembling with anxiety, he climbed up and peered in among the wheels. The escapement wheel was cracked clean through, as if some one had struck it with the head of an axe, and one of the pallets of the spindle was stuck fast in the crack. It was a fatal injury.

Baptiste ran down the steps, out of the door, straight towards his canoe, which was pulled up on the western side of the island.

"*Dâme!*" he cried, "who has done this? Let me catch him!"

As he leaped down the rocky slope the setting sun gleamed straight in his eyes. Fifteen minutes more and darkness would close in. Then the giant's eye must begin to glow, and to wink precisely once a minute all night long. If not, what became of the keeper's word, his faith, his honor? No matter how the injury to the clockwork was done. The question now was whether the light would fail or not. And it must be answered within a quarter of an hour. Baptiste came to himself, wheeled, and ran up the rocks faster than he had come down.

"Marie-Anne! Alma!" he shouted, "all of you! To me, in the tower!"

He was up in the lantern when they came running in, full of curiosity, asking twenty questions at once.

Baptiste's explanation was not altogether lucid and scientific. There were some bad words mixed up with it. He was still hot with anger but he was still sane enough to hold his mind hard and close to the main point.

That crank must be turned by hand, round and round all night, not too slow, not too fast. The light must flash once every minute until daybreak. He would do as much of the labor as he could, but the wife and the two older girls must help him. Nataline could go to bed.

At this Nataline's short upper lip trembled and she began to weep silently.

"What is the matter with you?" said her mother. "Have you fear to sleep alone?"

"No," she sobbed, "I have no fear, but I want some of the fun."

"Fun!" growled her father. "She calls this fun!" He looked at her for a moment as she stood there, with her red mouth quivering and her big brown eyes sparkling fire; then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Come here, my little wild-cat," he said, drawing her to him and kissing her; "you are a good girl after all. I suppose you think this light is part yours, eh?"

The girl nodded.

"*B'en!* You shall have your share, fun and all. You shall make the tea for us and bring us something to eat. Perhaps when Alma and 'Zilda fatigue themselves they will permit a few turns of the crank to you. Are you content?"

It was a very long night. No matter how easily a handle turns, after a certain number of revolutions there is a stiffness about it. The stiffness is not in the handle but in the hand that pushes it. It is not easy for a human being to become part of a machine.

Fortin himself took the longest spell at the crank. He went at his work with a rigid courage. His red-hot anger had cooled down into a shape

that was like a bar of forged steel. He meant to make that light revolve if it killed him to do it.

The wife and the two older girls followed him blindly and bravely. They did not quite understand the meaning of the task, the honor of victory, the shame of defeat. But they took their places in turn, as he grew weary and kept the light flashing.

And Nataline—well, she felt the contest just as her father did and in the same spirit. She went into the fight with darkness like a little soldier. And she played the fife. She ran in and out of the place like a squirrel. She looked up at the light and laughed. "He winks," she reported, "old one-eye winks beautifully. Keep him going. My turn now!"

She refused to be put off with a shorter spell than the other girls. "No," she cried. "The light is part mine; Father said so. Let me turn."

When the first glimmer of the little day came shivering along the eastern horizon, Nataline was at the crank. Baptiste stepped out to look at the sky. "Come," he cried, returning. "We can stop now, it is growing gray in the east, almost morning."

"But not yet," said Nataline; "we must wait for the first red. A few more turns. Let's finish it up with a song." And to the cheerful music of an old Canadian *chanson*, the first night's battle was carried through to victory.

The next day Fortin vainly spent two hours in trying to repair the clockwork. At noon he went over to the mainland to tell of the disaster. Every one denied all knowledge of the accident, and he got little sympathy. Nobody seemed to care whether the light was kept burning or not. When he told them how the machine had been turned all night by hand, they were astonished. But that he proposed to go on doing it for a month longer, until December tenth, and to begin again on April first, and go on for three or four weeks more until the supply-boat came down and brought the necessary tools to repair the machine—such an idea as this went beyond their horizon.

"But you are crazy, Baptiste," they said, "you can never do it."

"I would be crazy," he answered, "if I did not see what I must do. The light is my charge. In all the world there is nothing else so great as that for me and for my family—you understand? It is my Ten Commandments. I shall keep it or be damned."

There was a silence after this remark. They thought that Fortin was swearing a shade too hard. In reality he was never more reverent, never more soberly in earnest.

He continued: "I want some one to help me on the island. We must be up all the nights now. By day we must get some sleep. I want another man or a strong boy. Who will come?"

There was no response. The lighthouse was still unpopular, although Fortin's pluck and resolution had impressed them a little. But they still hesitated to commit themselves to his side.

He walked down to the beach with his head in the air, without looking back. But before he had his canoe in the water he heard some one running down behind him. It was Thibault's youngest son, Marcel, a well-grown boy of sixteen, very much out of breath.

"Monsieur Fortin," he stammered, "will you—am I big enough?"

Baptiste looked him in the face for a moment. His eyes twinkled.

"Certain," he answered, "you are bigger than your father. But what will he say to this?"

"He says," blurted out Marcel, "that he will say nothing if I do not ask him."

So the little Marcel was enlisted in the crew on the island. For thirty nights those six people turned their flashing lantern by hand from dusk to daybreak. Many a night Nataline's fife of fun played a feeble, wheezy note. But it played. And the crank went round. And every bit of glass in the lantern was as clear as polished crystal. And the big lamp was full of oil. And the great eye of the friendly giant winked without ceasing, through fierce storm and placid moonlight.—*Adapted from Henry Van Dyke.*

(*To be continued*)

WATCH THE CORNERS

WHEN you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time:
It's always dreary weather, in countryside or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time:
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up. —*Anonymous.*

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE TWO SONS

ONE of the shortest stories that Jesus told is at the same time one of the most important. It is so short that I will give it in the very words of our Lord:

> "But what think ye? A man had two sons: and he came to the first and said, 'Son, go work today in my vineyard,' And he answered and said, 'I will not;' but afterwards he repented himself and went. And he came to the second son and said likewise. And he answered and said, 'I go, sir,' and went not. Whether of the twain did the will of his father?"

We all need, boys and girls, to escape the mistake of thinking that worship can take the place of service. It never can, any more than to *tell* Mother you love her, whilst you never do anything for her, can take the place of silent, ready obedience.

So, if we had to choose between these two sons we should prefer the one who *did* rather than the one who only *said* the right thing.

There is a Japanese legend of a great bell that was wanted for a temple. It was in the days when glass was unknown, and all the women of the city were asked to give their bronze mirrors to be melted down to make the temple bell. The mirrors that were brought were of all kinds, large and small, wide and narrow, costly and cheap—they were cast into a place within railings in the temple courtyard. A farmer's wife threw her mirror in—it was engraved on the back with a pine tree, a bamboo tree, and a plum tree flower. But this woman did not want to give it. She kept going to the railings and looking with wistful, longing eyes, and her heart took it back if her hand could not.

At last the mirrors were taken to the foundry to be melted in the furnace. Now and then a man would push a long ladle into the bubbling mass to see if it were melted. But one piece remained hard—a mirror marked with a pine, a bamboo and a plum flower. Again and again he threw it back into the furnace, but nothing would make it melt and blend with all the rest. At last he carried it back to the priests at the temple. "The heart of the giver," said the oldest priest, "did not go with the gift. She was not sincere. Let it be cast out."

The legend serves to remind us that we can never deceive God. He knows always whether or not "our heart" is in our offering. But there is one further thing to be said about this parable. Whilst it shows us that Jesus prefers the "doer" to the mere "hearer" or "talker," yet we may be quite sure that what He really wants from us is not one or the other but *both*. The ideal son would have both said to his father, "I go," and he would have gone. Jesus once said this wonderful thing: *The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.* So evidently He wants us to worship. But He also said: *Not every one that saith Lord! Lord! shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father.* Let us make up our minds to do *both*—to serve God with our *speech*, in promise, prayer and praise; and with our *deeds, doing always the things that please the Father.*—*Rev. A. D. Belden, D.D.*

A SECOND GIANT-KILLER

THERE was once a small boy, but his name was not Jack,
And he hadn't a bean-stalk at all;
Yet he "hitched his hatchet" with sturdy hack,
Which helped him to climb a high wall.
Now the name of that hatchet, can any one guess?
A giant he killed with it, too!
The name of the wall which he climbed was Success,
The giant he conquered was Slothfulness,
And Work was the hatchet that slew.

—*Harriet S. Fleming.*

LITTLE WHEELS

THE weaver waits for the spinner's yarn;
The spinner is idle for want of wool;
The shearers watch in the fragrant barn
For the sheep that graze by the meadow pool;
But little Boy Blue who drives the flock
Has fallen asleep by a sheltering rock,
While many a baby in Boston town
Is crying for want of a soft wool gown.

The shearers threaten in language strong;
The weaver's wrath can never be told;
The wheel is spinning an angry song,
And the babies' toes are purple with cold;
For the shepherd lad who is sleeping still
Is a little wheel in the world's great mill,
And the world's full grist is not well ground,
'Till each little wheel turns round and round.

I dreamed this dream but an hour ago,
When I awoke to my surprise
To find Nurse galloping to and fro
And Baby's fists thrust into his eyes.
O, what little wheel was running away
And making so jolly a baby cry
'Till his face was as red as a poppy's silk?
The lassie was late who brings his milk!

—*May Riley Smith.*

THE TREE SWALLOW

THE tree swallow ought to be known to everybody who occasionally considers the birds. It is a summer resident everywhere in the land from the northern limits of the tree growth south to the Potomac and Ohio valleys, southern Kansas and Southern California. It winters in the southern United States and at times as far to the southward as Central America.

As its name suggests, this swallow is a tree dweller. It nests in holes in trees usually along the water courses. However, if man is kindly disposed enough to put up a box with a hole in it a pair of tree swallows is likely to preëmpt it as a nesting place. The bird is a good neighbor, for it has an extraordinary appetite for the winged insects, notably mosquitoes, which prey on man and his belongings.

The tree swallow is a beauty. Its breast is shining white and its back is shining green. Its feathers are lustrous. When the sun strikes the green plumage of the bird the effect is as dazzling as when the rays fall on the feathers of the ruby-throated humming bird or on those of the bronzed grackle.—*Chicago Post.*

SHADE

THE kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the heat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, oh, weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highways' ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

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6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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